



A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Space Program"

(feat. Vincent Price)

I'mma deal with a bigger insult, man
The heat, the heat, the heat, the heat
It's comin' down hard
We've got to get our shit together

It's time to go left and not right
Gotta get it together forever
Gotta get it together for brothers
Gotta get it together for sisters
For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformists, one hitter quitters
For Tyson types and Che figures
Let's get it together, come on let's make it
Gotta make it to make it, to make it, to make it, to make it
To make something happen, to make something happen
To make something happen, let's make something happen

Word to Phifer

Gonna bring it to the overlord, drinkin' Cisco
Chilling with the gold microphone cords
And we grip our balls every time we stuntin' on tour
'Cause we never bore, responding to the ready crowd's roar
And promoters try to hit us with the art of war
We about our business, we not quitters
Not bullshitters, we deliver—we go-get it
Don't be bitter 'cause we not just niggas
Jarobi, my fiber wove into different cloth
Ain't nothing forbidden, this nigga get his written off
Hardest spit in the city y'all niggas spitting kitten soft
Confused and amazed, shook up with your brain missing lost
They planning for our future
None of our people involved
Pouring Henny and Smirnoff to get it cracking off
Cracking off a Smirnoff to quickly turn to Molotov
Molotov the spaceship doors before that bitch is taking off
It always seems the poorest persons
Are people forsaken, dawg
No Washingtons, Jeffersons, Jacksons
On the captain's log
They'd rather lead us to the grayest water poison deadly smog
Mass un-blackening, it's happening, you feel it y'all?
Rather see we in a three-by-three structure with many bars
Leave us where we are so they can play among the stars
They taking off to Mars, got the space vessels overflowing
What, you think they want us there? All us niggas not going
Reputation ain't glowing, reparations ain't flowing

If you find yourself stuck in a creek, you better start rowing
Used to see the TV screen as the place to land my dream in
And the car stereo where they would promote the show
Optimistic little brother with a hope you know

(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck here, nigga
(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck here nigga
(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck here, nigga
(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck, stuck, stuck
(Move on to the stars)

Sit and wonder sometimes, I read the paper every day
All these happenings is cycular, just happen different ways
And the president's refined, in her wing she's confined
With about thirty Percocets and five bottles of wine
Carolina nothing finer than a Black woman who climbs
To the top of the State building claiming that that flag is mine
Now, people on top of people, feels like we can't breathe
Put so much in this muthafucka, feel like we shouldn't leave
Put it on TV, put it in movies, put it in our face
These notions and ideas and citizens live in space
I chuckle just like all of y'all, absurdity, after all
Takes money to get it running and money for trees to fall
Imagine for one second all the people are colored, please
Imagine for one second all the people in poverty
No matter the skin tone, culture or time zone
Think the ones who got it
Would even think to throw you a bone?
Moved you out your neighbourhood, did they find you a home?
Nah cypher, probably no place to
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude

Time to go left and not right
Gotta get it together forever
Gotta get it together for brothers
Gotta get it together for sisters
For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformers, won't hear the quitters
For Tyson types and Che figures
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Gotta get it together for brothers
Gotta get it together for sisters

For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformists, one-hitter quitters
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 Make make make

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 Gotta get it together for sisters
For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformists, one-hitter quitters
 For Tyson types and Che figures
 Make, make, make

Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen

The danger must be growing
For the rowers keep on rowing
And they're certainly not showing
Any signs that they are slowing!
 "We're there!"
 "Where?"
 "Here!"
A small step for mankind
But a giant step for us
Oompa, loompa, doopa dee doo
I've got another puzzle for you

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"We The People"

(feat. Consequence)

We don't believe you 'cause we the people
Are still here in the rear, ayo, we don't need you
 You in the killing-off-good-young-nigga mood
When we get hungry we eat the same fucking food
 The ramen noodle
Your simple voodoo is so maniacal, we're liable to pull a juju
 The irony is that this bad bitch in my lap
She don't love me, she make money, she don't study that
 She gon' give it to me, ain't gon' tell me run it back
She gon' take the brain to wetter plains, she spit on that
 The doors have signs with, don't try to rhyme with
VH1 has a show that you can waste your time with
 Guilty pleasures take the edge off reality
And for a salary I'd probably do that shit sporadically
 The OG Gucci boots are smitten with iguanas
The IRS piranha see a nigga gettin' commas
 Niggas in the hood living in a fishbowl
Gentrify here, now it's not a shit hole
 Trendsetter, I know, my shit's cold
Ain't settling because I ain't so bold but ay

All you Black folks, you must go
All you Mexicans, you must go
And all you poor folks, you must go
Muslims and gays, boy, we hate your ways
So all you bad folks, you must go

The fog and the smog of news media that logs
False narratives of Gods that came up against the odds
 We're not just nigga rappers with the bars
It's kismet that we're cosmic with the stars

You bastards overlooking street art
Better yet, street smarts but you keep us off the charts
 So motherfuck your numbers and your statisticians
 Fuck y'all know about true competition?
That's like a AL pitcher on deck talking about he hittin'
The only one who's hitting are the ones that's currently spittin'
 We got your missy smitten rubbing on her little kitten
Dreaming of a world that's equal for women with no division
 Boy, I tell you that's vision
 Like Tony Romo when he hitting Witten
 The Tribe be the best in they division
 Shaheed Muhammad cut it with precision
Who can come back years later, still hit the shot?
 Still them tryna move we off the fucking block

Babylon, bloodclot
Two pon yuh headtop

All you Black folks, you must go
All you Mexicans, you must go
And all you poor folks, you must go
Muslims and gays, boy, we hate your ways
So all you bad folks, you must go

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Whateva Will Be"

(feat. Consequence)

Girl, this motherfucker's got rhythm

So am I 'posed to be dead or doin' life in prison?

Just another dummy caught up in the system

Unruly hooligan who belongs in Spofford

Versus gettin' that degree at Stanford or Harvard

And by my work ethic, the way I speak

Yo, should it be mentally weak versus bein' Malik

Yo, should I be trapped in the trap? Would you prefer that?

Fourth grade mean level but he knows how to rap

Are you amused by our struggles? The English that's broken?

The weed that I'm smokin'? The guns that I'm totin'?

The drugs that I'm sellin'? No need for improvement

Fuck you and who you think I should be, forward movement

Melanin is shrouded in complexity

Brain charge shocking like 'lectricity

Mouth translate happens organically

The media relates to what it thinks it sees

Judging steps in shoes from a path they never walked

Shot down in a blaze over phrases, how they talk

Dark skin, walk with a bop, a trade feelin'

I'm chillin', feelin' down at a DNA crime buildin'

Supplement the youth, hypersexualizing women

They ain't got the strong enough hold, so they built a prison

Pumping false religion to all of these niggas' systems

Every voice devoid of the truth

Come on, listen

Look at this, look at this

Whatever will be will be

Like a billionaire investin' in a nigga's dreams

Certainly a head scratcher, like Pac and Big's killas capture

Or a women with the wisdom who's leadin' the way

The rarity is in the rear, but never today

Man, picture a PD lettin' good records play

On the strength of what it is, not the finesse of your biz

And your lady calls you dirty, her dirts under rugs

You'll find out only if she tells you, take her kiss and hug, cuz

In the answer for cancer in a prodigious kid's mind

Yes, the government will for learning is feed for everyone

And from that lie, your leaders will rise in the eyes

Of despair and adversity in some universal sense will be true

Everybody runnin' when they see the storm's comin'

But whatever's gonna be will be

Everybody runnin' when they see the storm's comin'
But whatever's gonna be will be
Some will dash to the mountain, some will crawl
And the weakest amongst them, they will fall
But the strongest in fate, they will stand tall
Everybody runnin' when they see the storm's comin'
But whatever's gonna be will be

[Consequence:]

I just wanna feel as liberated as lions in Liberia
'Cause recently my heart turned cold as Siberia
'Cause everywhere I go, bein' cold is the criteria
Let's see how well you know all your Tribe trivia
Green and the white, we servin' that Nigeria
North side of Queens, one-nine-two is the area
This is for my dawgs from Shih Tzus to Terriers
Fuck it, it's showtime, Tip, make sure they hearin' ya

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Solid Wall Of Sound"

(feat. Busta Rhymes & Elton John)

[Elton John, A Tribe Called Quest:]

Gonna hear electric music (What you gon' hear?)

Gonna hear electric music (What you gon' hear?)

Gonna hear electric music, solid walls of sound

Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)

Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)

Solid walls of sound (Pushing breaking ground, pushing breaking sound)

Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)

Solid walls of sound (Tip and Phife in town, Tip and Phife in town)

Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)

Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, pushing breaking ground)

Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)

Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Ali, Phife, Tip)

Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Ali, Phife, Tip)

Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Ali, Phife, Tip)

Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Phife, Phife)

[Phife:]

Yo, ay piece of Q, massive man crew

Bars to any beat, we beat the beat for true

Massive MC's, dem smell the pussy stew

Don't let your mother, my yout

[Q-Tip:]

I shoulda spoke up when I'm in the mode of

Leave that to me, el-Hajj Malik

The man with a plan who went for it all

Like Marauders on a mission when we killin' dancehalls

[Phife:]

Hmm, sucka boi, Trini man

Ride out when wicked in mi hand

Left all of mi fan, one, two, three dem all of di gang

[Busta Rhymes:]

Ova couple pound a weed, and a cup of donovan

Hmm, bruk pocket, find another plan

[Busta Rhymes, Q-Tip & Phife:]

Yeah, cyan dun, push up on a man

And big up the sound man

Itty bitty DJ walk

[Busta Rhymes & Phife:]

Ayo most of them ah talk

They don't want no prob, they don't want no etch a outline

Inna bloodclaat chalk

[Q-Tip:]

Early in the night when you bring out the music
With the pipers and the band kill a sound man music
Live and direct when it all goes down

[Busta Rhymes:]

Like an idiot bwoy yuh nuh wanna fuck round

[Phife:]

Big tune make the world go round

[Busta Rhymes:]

Make way fi di soundboy crowd

[Phife:]

Dem fi know we di wickedest sound

[Busta Rhymes:]

So now your face make a soundboy frown

[Elton John:]

Sound

Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound

Solid wall of sound

Sound checking, I know your ass is shaking the room

In just a few hours you're gonna feel the burn

All of the goons are checking my guns at the door

The solid wall of sound is here on tour

It's gonna get loud

So no phones aloud

It's gonna get loud

So no phones aloud

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Dis Generation"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

Handle rocks with the capital G, ball on the beat
Status, Chris Paul and John Wall in the league
Grabbin' mics till the knuckles would bleed
'Cause I believe
The potent that I'm quoting will have you geeked like speed
If rationale is naturale or a weave
It's all edges and peas
Settin' press, we on a permanent steeze
I'm in a world where my princess is Leia
And she's feeling my Vader
And my lure grows greater and greater
Chem trails, droppin' poisonous vapors
Have you shaking like Gator
Been trill, nigga, process the data
Blu-ray, wave file, or a Beta, I'll DVR it for later
Kappo Masa with a G to my waiter
You can't define us, XY us, or Z us
You generational elitists
Have your chi in virtual think pieces
See, these written words are poetical science
Brain's defiant, thoughts heavy, baby
They're a major appliance
Leave a dent when drop with the flyness, fluent giant
Dude's nice, he tight, screwed in with some pliers
Cool with some buyers
Yeah, nigga, cool with some growers
Never no tattletales, only I don't knowers
We a show me generation, show us what you gon' show us
So listen, mami, see we could collude with a boing
Mouthpiece like Goines, with a jubilant noise
Dudes rude and as useless as coins, shoot 'em boys
Versed in, rehearsed in the soothing of loins
Talk to Joey, Earl, Kendrick, and Cole, gatekeepers of flow
They are extensions of instinctual soul
It's the highest in commodity grade
And you could get it today

Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Rules di nation

One hitting reading pages of Poe
Telly is low, cuddle bunny ready to go
Day of the dead
Bury all the zombies instead
And it's just your aftermath, Busta cuttin' your dreads

Bruce Leein' niggas, while you niggas UFC
Smoke tree on niggas, sizzle out your USB
Surge pricing on these Ubers, I'mma get me a cab
Yo, where Jarobi at? Imbibing on impeccable grass
I be in NYC waiting for that law to pass
Pass shit, been waiting for a Jet's title since last
Richard Todd, Todd Bowles, gang green on that ass
Magic Mike on the mic, David Blain, Douglass Henning
In the church of Busta Rhymes, it's my sermon you're getting
Horizontal spittin', I'm the exorcist of your writtens
Don't interrupt me, nigga, sorry, that's a sin unforgiven
Like how we be skipping on beats like cooking crack in the kitchen
B-b-b-b-b-but wait
Just spit the package, dry it, bag up the wet
This mad city's not a game, easy, quiet on set, Phife
Student of the past trailblazing a daze
Not acknowledging a trend or swept up in a phase
We still the highest of commodity grade
And you could get it, get it, get it, get it today

Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Rules di nation

This is our generation, generation, uh huh, yeah
This our generation, generation, uh huh
This our generation, generation, uh huh

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Kids..."

(feat. André 3000)

[André 3000:]

I ain't even gon' lie, I was probably high
Just forgot to call you back, simple as that
I ain't no almanac, so lick my dictionary
I might just call a cab 'cause I dig canary
Yellow accents on a dark bitch
I met her back when she kept all her carpet
I'm well aware all that shit is fantasy
I double dare y'all to fuck your plan B
That's demeanor, momma's mannerisms
That mean, don't mean to get vulgar, but it's some
Hoes in this bitch like a box of donuts
It's cold out in this bitch, standing on the corner
Condolences to niggas that got erased
I pour out some liquor on a cop's grave
Mmm, digital church bells
Ringin' 'cross the street, sure work well

[André 3000 & (Q-Tip):]

(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real)
Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real)

[Q-Tip:]

I don't wanna get up now, I don't wanna go to school
I don't wanna be the best, don't wanna follow rules
Mom, I think you fuckin' lied to me
Three stacks said all this shit is fantasy
It's my time, gon' put a little life to it
If life's a obstacle then I'mma bike through it
I see it like a kiddie on the carousel
If I 'url while I go around, what the hell
And that went well, so I'm compelled
To have visions of getting chicken while my friends get jel
My young nigga motto was, "Fuck it, I'm already grown"
And I dream of when I'm sixteen, I'm out my home
That petty though, 'cause my mama boyfriend dough
It's kinda long like this old head hustle, yo
He cognizant of a nigga ride and die
I see us getting money through my green eyes

[Andre 3000 & (Q-Tip):]

(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real)

[André 3000 & Q-Tip:]

Yeah, all the kids, all the what, uh
Yeah, all the badass kids, uh
Kids, say I'm the shit
I'm Chick-fil-A nuggets, McDonald's french fries
The spicy Popeye's and Red Lobster biscuits
And girls scout thin mints
Pardon my penmanship, but oh shit
Feel like I'm hungry now again
And I can't do nothing about it because my teeth are all rotted
And my mom and my pop, they just grin
And empathize with me 'cause they were little like Pygmies
But too bad they can't get back they 'member whens
Them grown-up stories don't work
In the court of the kiddies', the judgement is in
And while y'all doing all y'all your bids, y'all reminisce as kids
Fuck it, kids, the grown-ups won't own up
They stood on the corner
Like you once upon a, time
And probably felt like a loner
And smelled like a stoner, and snuck to Daytona
So when they questioning you 'bout who or who you ain't boning
Complaining that you always moaning
Never saying good morning
Storming out my house
And slamming doors like you paying bills
They been through it too, though
They were kids like you, though
But what if they knew though
And hit you with the cheat code
To a game you just start playing, no extra man
Leave you reckless on the court
With no high percentage shot
Just a bunch of, "You got 'em, nigga, just give it what you got"
Yeah, it look a little different on a yacht
But ain't gon' lie, I miss kayaking
I love the young niggas, and they do too, they just be acting
Like a bunch of retired tired thespians, a bit too salty
Shit, their blood pressure high, why?
They don't play no more, probably

[André 3000:]

(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
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(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?

(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Melatonin"

I said I really dream in color, but (they don't know)
And every brother ain't a brother, but (they don't know)
Pop melatonin like they Swedish Fish (they don't know)
To give her everything's my dying wish (they don't know)
Roleplay, she plays the mannequin (they don't know)
Raising my hand, teacher says "Not again" (they don't know)
The sun is up, but I feel down again (they don't know)
On just one hand, I can count all my friends (they don't know)

The understudy for the star, the show must go on
I'm a beast on a leash, I'm towed from the lawn
Another notch in my belt, the food's getting scarce
Another notch in my belt, she shakes up the stairs
Drink liquid confidence to kill the czar defense
Get rid of this tense, it makes life make sense
'Cause I come off the fence and break through defense
Anxiety is on the ropes and it's gettin' intense

Population gettin' tired now (they don't know)
Everybody wants to spire now (they don't know)
Racist emails fire out (they don't know)
We did it in the dark, it's coming out (they don't know)
The world is crazy and I cannot sleep, but (they don't know)
The melatonin good enough to eat, but (they don't know)
I read the papers so that I can see what (they don't know)
I rather stay indoors and make a beat, but (they don't know)

My mother said a lotta lives were shooting
Her Bible was like her toolie
PZ-headed and unruly, I made her think she got to me
Follow in the trail of reefer and niggas talking through speakers
Fattest laces through my sneakers, and rap is for ghetto preachers
Thought I had it so I tried it, for so long I would just hide it
Then I made the crowds say "Oh," smoking more, get excited
I was hooked, I couldn't shake it, the more I got, I would take it
Couldn't sleep, couldn't eat, but this life, I would not forsake it

I said I really dream in color, now (they don't know)
And every brother ain't a brother, now (they don't know)
Pop melatonin like they Swedish Fish (they don't know)
To give her everything's my dying wish (they don't know)

So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind
Guess I should take one, just one
So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind
Guess I should take one, just one
So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind

Guess I should take one, just one
So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind
 Guess I should take one, just one

 This one for good girls that all gone bad (just one)
 This one, I'll take it when I feel sad (just one, yeah)
 This one, I'll take it to make me strong (just one)
 This one, I'll take it so that I'll live long (just one, yeah)
 This one, I'll take it to make me smile (just one)
 This one, I'll take it to make life worthwhile (just one)
 This one and that one and those and these (just one)
 I just want to sleep, I want to be at ease (just one)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Enough!!"

Is this enough?
Is this enough?
Is this enough?
Is this enough?

Yo, I'm savant with the game
Go on, tell 'robi yo' name
Provide words that's heard, setting your body aflame
Ooh, you off the chain, I'm handling your terrain, your valley
Has me standing down to the follicle
'Bout half of this bottle full of reasons for us to ball
Calming violations and travel vacations, ma
Place on your fancy bra, go take them vestments off
Skin and my lips involved with licking a place that's on
Jedi

Is this enough?
Is this enough love that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Is this enough time that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Tell me that you feel the same way I do
Is this enough?
Enough, enough, enough

Is it an issue if I make you nut?
But there's no quality time 'cause I forever grind
This is not an excuse, I just wanna get loose
That's some nigga jargon, girl, you're making me harden
To the stone and granite statue, I'm prone to get at you
It's hard to break your defense, I guess I have to leap fence
And scale wall and break fall on a tree right by your window
Reward me for my efforts by rolling this indo
As I nibble your neck naughtily, sex is a big part of me
Agencies want to audit me, searches in for sodomy
My thrust bust artery, I know you're on to me
Just wanna have shenanigan, don't wanna make you mad again
So focus on the flattery you feel when I fring it
Acknowledge that I got it and you love it when I bring it
Dirty talk loud but they saying, "Fuck this shit"
At the queen's request, if it's gotta be, it's gotta be

Is this enough?
Is this enough love that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Is this enough time that I give to you?
Is this enough?

Tell me that you feel the same way I do
Is this enough?
Is this enough?
Is this enough love that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Is this enough time that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Tell me that you feel the same way I do
Is this enough?
Is this enough?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Mobius"

(feat. Busta Rhymes & Consequence)

[Consequence:]

I break bread, ribs, hundred dollar bills
Dream about Bugattis and other four-wheels
They say Illuminati and other ordeals
Is how my lawyer got me to avoid a raw deal
And now it's more real than it is for any other star
And that's enough to have you tearing up the mini-bar
I should probably get awards when the Emmys are
For how I deal with the path like Remy Ma
I get in the car like a sniper's on the roof now
But don't confuse how you see me, have to move now
I got bars like the cypher's in the booth now
Ooo, child, things are gonna get easier
'Long as they get my page right on Wikipedia
'Long as they say my name right in the media
If you don't, that's a sin like Cincinnati
'Cause ever since I had the polo suit at the Grammys
I been spittin' at the camera like Trick Daddy
So swag, he could have broke up with IG
I ain't surprised that they broke up on IG
I got the game on IV
Might as well have a live feed
Keep a fresh cut from Aunt B
So I always match the picture in my ID
They packin' Dub C and run with MAC 10
I was still a baby Similac then
And what the crack era did to black men
It had to be an error if you had a Cadillac then

[Busta Rhymes:]

How I rock mine, I throw it up
Makin' sure that you niggas all are on the same page
Powerful force, you better look both ways
Fuck that, I'm chokin' niggas, it's goin' down
I'm from a different cloth, we the oracles of the sound
Skip town, hit 'em with impeccable pound
Lost, found, the way I flood it, niggas gon' drown
Rip shit...oh, wait, wait, wait, wait...
I gotta do it again, I gotta do it again
You already know the script, roundhouse kick
She lookin' at me, lickin' her lip
Put my arm around her like a bowl of chip with the dip
With your bitch, what the fuck, niggas erupt
I got the half moon clip, that's banana, a good planner
A new anger like a larger Bruce Banner, out the house
Nigga, if you open your mouth

Damn, nigga, if you open you mouth
Fuck the press, I'm leavin' every room in a mess
Like herds of bulls with they aprons on and bakin' soda
Keep it movin', keep the convo short and bring a case of Henny
House of Pain, I control many
House of lies, where niggas go run, hide
Peep the way the scribe conflict with they real lives
(Nigga) Phonetic shit, we go bizarre
Bad news for niggas as I go emphatical, radical
Mention no animals, roamin' like a czar
Every time I blah for the record, the shit splatter
The whole data, no bullshit, the boom bapper
I pull the gat up, whip the ship, come to bat up
When I pull up too niggas even your momma goin' scatter

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Black Spasmodic"

(feat. Consequence)

Yo, y'all ready?
Yo, Phife, you ready?
Cons, you got that part right?
I dunno but it don't matter who choose to set it off
ATCQ, no doubt my niggas is boss
Little half-ass rappers, y'all pissin' me off
Time to dead 'em all off, yo, no matter the cause

[Consequence:]

(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers
(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up a buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Now look what he does to any challenger

Now who want it with the Trini gladiator?
The finger to you haters, you biters not innovators
I take zero for granted, I honors my gift
Champion pen game, plus I'm freestyle equipped
You clowns be bum sauce, speak my name, it's curtains
Hamdulillāh my crew's back to workin'
Trash rap the dead pussy, kill the turban
Fuck boys, sit down, shit can only get worsen
How do you touch mic with flows uncertain?
Speak game tribal, that flow ain't workin'
Folks doin' items, dem vex and cursin'
Fuck made me wanna see these niggas in person
Third song in, muthafuckas dispersin'
Only to realize Gana loose in the buildin'
Big tune this for man, woman and children
Back on my bullshit, Busta bust then we kill them

[Consequence:]

(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers

My nigga's spirit be talkin' to me, let me explain
Not through evil mediums, tarot cards or Ouija games
But through mixing chords and boards and even drum machines
He be saying, "Nigga fuck awards, keep reppin' Queens
And don't be taking slack from these non-rapping niggas, man

That intellectual shit you spit, you better change your plan
Especially when you see them at the lobby of a label
And they don't seem able to outstretch they hands and admit they fans
You better flame 'em in the J's that they standing in
Ostracize they memory for not remembering
The articles reduce their body parts to particles
And dust the Dead Sea with their cremated molecules
I'm leaving, but nigga you still got the work to do
I expect the best from you, I'm watching from my heaven view
Don't disappoint me, make sure that they anoint me
As the blue ribbon pedigree, the best of show five-foot-three
Speak of the legacy for short people around the world
Napoleonic bionic people who cause the world to twirl
Rip every stage with grace, look right dead in they face
Live the Tribe principle of havin' impeccable taste
Enjoy that breath like that one was your last one left
If you don't believe me, Tip, there's truly life after death
So refer to the Biggie covers and shoutout my Trini brothers
And please check in on my mother," Malik Izaak, call me shorty

[Consequence:]

(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers
(Black)
(Spasmodic)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Killing Season"

(feat. Consequence, Kanye West, & Talib Kweli)

[Talib Kweli:]

Winter in America, never knew white Christmas
'Cause elves said the squares is always making my shit list
Spring is in the air and all the flowers in bloom
The powers that be wanna devour the movement
Tears disappear when they fall in the summer rain
Bleedin' through this mic, but they call it entertainment
Running across stages is a drug
It's like a blunt that we crumple in raw papers
Call it the Lord's name cause we taking it in our veins
Like the feeding us intravenous
It's war and we fighting for inches and millimetres
Try to stall the progress by killing off all the leaders
If we don't give them martyrs no more, they can't defeat us
This lack of justice got us disgusted, look at our faces
All these soldiers hate but I saw military training
The force flags fly at a half mast this morning
Take a bow, this might be your last performance

[Kanye West:]

They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya [x8]

[Consequence:]

The old lady saw us on the lawn with the Henny
Turn the pool party into the one from McKinney
Might've been racist like the waitresses up at Denny's
So we had twelve gauges, automatics, and semis
Now they wanna condemn me for my freedom of speech
'Cause I see things in black and white like Lisa and Screech
Presidents get impeached and others fill in the throne
But veterans don't get the benefit of feelin' at home
So maybe those projections out at Silicon
Over dro they getting injections made of silicone
I swear it's the killing season
'Cause killin' is still in season yea

[Jarobi:]

Louder than a three pound, voices screaming at ya boo
It must be killing season, on the menu, strange fruit
Whose juices fill the progress of this here, very nation
Whose states has grown bitter, through justice expiration
These fruitful trees are rooted in bloody soil and torment
Things haven't really changed, been dormant for the moment
Marks and scars, we own it, only makes for tougher skin
Helps us actualize the actual greatness held within
Been on the wrong team so much, can't recognise a win

Seems like my only crime is having melanin
Connection to the sun so strong the relationship is lusted for
Causes meant to suffocate, I can't breathe no more
Settle the score sadly, need an abacus to tally
Through all the peaks and valleys, yo, I recognize them sadly
Black soul old enough, inner city holdin' up
Watch me get all my goons, watch us get soldiered up

[Kanye West:]
They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya [x8]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Lost Somebody"

(feat. Katia Cadet)

Yeah, Phife—for your life

Now, in the time when niggas wasn't supposed to be born
Best of us are left for dead in cities that looks war-torn
 Vietnam going wrong, heroin going strong
Neighbors would whoop that bad ass
 Just for running through their lawn
 Walt met Cheryl, Cheryl met Walt
 Trinidadian love sprouting through the asphalt
Love was consummated and the angels registered
 Two were to be born but only one of 'em made it
 Inside a cloud of sorrow, a silver lining and joy
It's a bouncing baby boy, a king's name they would employ
 And before he even squeaks, it's decided it's Malik
 Now give him hope, give him care
 Raise him while his grandma there
 Watch out momma, if you stare
 Light brown eyes'll keep you there
 Let's progress the story just a little bit
Malik, I would treat you like little brother that would give you fits
Sometimes overbearing though I thought it was for your benefit
 Despite all the spats and shits cinematically documented
The one thing I appreciate, you and I, we never pretended
 Rhymes we would write it out, hard times fight it out
 Gave grace face to face, made it right
 And now you riding out, out, out, out, damn

Have you ever loved somebody?

(Phife dawg, man)

Way before you got to dream?

(Bow wow, woof woof)

No more crying, he's in sunshine

Never thought that I would be ever writing this song
Hold friends tight, never know when those people are gone
 So, so beautiful, opined indisputable
Heart of a largest lion trapped inside the little dude
Took me quick to granny house, now we eat the curry food
 Talking hopes, dreams, plans, leak ice, never scared
 Brand new pair of Nike Airs, avenue of sairs
 Mailbox mayors, all our rhymes was written there
 A nigga wanna battle, you know Phifey didn't care
 Jarobi with the beat, into new ass we tear
 I'mma flash forward well, took a trip to ATL
Cooking in the kitchen making sure my nigga eating well
 Wedding in Tobago, you know exactly where I'm at

Standing on the side of black Malik Izaak

Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more cry

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Movin Backwards"

(feat. Anderson .Paak)

[Jarobi:]

I hope my legendary style of rap lives on
A-fixed to the Earth like my feet, they got cleats on
I'm moving backwards, never that was never the plan
Pushing shit along, render stillness in the quick sand
Asphalt jumpin', junkie lyrical, concrete
My Jedi mind be moving me
Throughout the many dark streets
Backwoods, boondocks, whatever terrain
Auf Wiedersehen, Aloha, man our feet ain't the same
I won't abuse these shoes, these shoes ain't made for reversing
Then trudging through these motherfuckers' first album Footprinting, never ever ghostwritten, yo' shit free, bitten
Grab my shit with both hands, iron grip, steel mitten
Bloviated, Jarobi ate it and now it's gone
Closed mouths don't get fed or move ahead
To my hustlers with customers, scam my chicks just being petty
Trap lords with the fetty, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
Don't do it, nigga

[Anderson .Paak:]

I spun around without a care
When I stopped, I felt lost
I'm two heels from the top tier
Really want to be boss
I figured it out, figured it out somewhere
Maybe the answer's not out there
Maybe it's on the ground somewhere
When I stopped, I felt lost
Do you ever feel lost?

They wanna see my downfall
Turn a good day into a downpour
Thorns in the crown hit the cross I bear
Why they wanna see me hangin' like a towel somewhere
One eye, two bills, three tears, a heart still
How I'm feelin' in my mind right here
Think I'm moving, I ain't going nowhere, nowhere
Maybe why I feel lost, yeah
How I'm 'posed to know how home feels?
I ain't even on my home field
And again I feel lost
Was not a cruise that brought us here, again I feel lost
And I refuse to be stuck right here, yeah

I don't want to move backwards, no
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me direction?
I don't want to move backwards, no
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me directions?
I don't want to move backwards, no

[Q-Tip:]

Moving backwards never, that was never the plan
Can I vent? I was content being my own man
Up until that night ill-fated, walking home I was faded
Po puts braces on my wrist like he was clapping his hands
How demeaning, y'all? Who could be blind to racism?
Bring bro bro to me for the brotherly baptism
Instead of slaps, give him the dose of Ab wisdom
He'll make it out of the jungle some way
Hey, it's figurative, not a real place you stay
Ay, it's mind state filled with muck and malaise
Uh, I got direction without using Waze
Submitting myself to praying these days
Yeah, moonwalking backwards, it's only for stage

[Anderson .Paak & (Q-Tip & Anderson .Paak)]

Feds lining up in riot gear
And everybody's hands in the air
Four-five so get your ass found somewhere
Caught between hope and despair
Say it loud, what it take to make my niggas listen
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Cool out, chill out nigga, I'm cool
Cool out nigga, nah, nigga I'm through
Head down, ain't no tellin' what you gon' do
(Somebody just give me—
Somebody just give me—
Somebody just give me direction
I don't want to move backwards, no
Cops killing us niggas everywhere
Maybe we should get some guns too)
She come around every now and a few
(Man, I hope she really loves you)
Living high ain't hard to do
(She'll be in the clouds somewhere
Feeling fresh, I strut your bitches out of here
Might even take your broad too
Oops, I'm 'bout to get kicked out here
Tell mama I'mma slide through)
Stealer, I'm trying to get out of here
But stuck up in the same room

(Too many open miles in here
Sick of eating out at drive through)

Hahaha, look at this motherfucker

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Conrad Tokyo"

(feat. Kendrick Lamar)

[*Phife Dawg:*]

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Just done mash a show, Dawg is off on sabbatical
Rather watch the Nixon shit than politicians politic
CNN and all this shit, gwaan yo, move with the fuckery

Trump and the SNL hilarity

Troublesome times kid, no times for comedy

Blood clot, you doing, bullshit you spewing

As if this country ain't already ruined

In lieu of these mumbling, fumbling

Swearing they're the greatest

Online they debate us, if we different, then we're haters

We ended our hiatus, the dogs looking for food

The nucleus is here now (ooo)

[*Kendrick Lamar:*]

Toleration for devastation, got a hunger for sin

Every nation Obama nation, let the coroner in

Crooked faces, red and blue laces for the color of men

Just embrace it and die alone, song of Revelation

Reverends and cattles racing

Devils and demons and Deuteronomy

Fumigate our economy, 'lluminate broken dreams

And manifest all insanity, look around

Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground

[*A Tribe Called Quest & (Kendrick Lamar):*]

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

[*A Tribe Called Quest:*]

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

[Guitar Solo: Jack White]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Ego"

(feat. Busta Rhymes & Katia Cadet)

Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin'
Ego, ego

I got one, you got one, and now we equal
Sometimes it makes you trip out on your people
Sometimes it has connotations of evil
Sometimes niggas call on it when they need to
It's called the ego

Ay, it's hard to really make the subject positively stated

Some may hate it and some may overrate it

It's a top story and you rarely see a trend

So all you psychoanalysts, pull out your pad and pen
It's called the ego

Come up with an idea, and no one seems to get it

Then every time you mention it

They stare like you're two-headed

But one day, in your cubicle, your idea really comes to view
Your boss is walking by, he sees it too and he takes it from you

She put you on the aces of all the stripper places

And has the kinda clientele where niggas trick off very well
You beg her and you plead her and you tuck away your ego

She knows you need the chicken

And you know that she's your people

They call you fat and lazy, your commentary crazy

They photoshop your face on a box of McCormick gravy
And now that inner voice, that ego, making you get wavy

Change your diet, hit the gym

And say, "What were you saying to me?"

The ego makes you do it, it makes you face the music

Or run away from life so fast that you'll outsprint Carl Lewis
It has you think your deceptive ways of being are the truest

Had the prettiest brown eyes but you change them shits to the bluest
It's the ego

Ooo, Jack White

Ooo, Jack White

A celebrated genius, my dick game is the meanest
I'll take the girl that's augmented, new me is invented

I'll take the biggest house in Calabassas

Anyone for Michael Phelps swimming classes?

You need it when you're balling, equally when you're falling

Or when those kids in school on your locker

They get to scrawling

Epithets that's racist is stupid and mean in nature
Something that can make you feel stronger when people hate ya
 Ego make you violent or govern like a tyrant
 Or switch a dictionary's word from vibrant to vivrant
 Fool the thirsty people, selling tap water in bottles
 Fooled a girl with NYU scholarship and now she models
 Ego has no ending, has people pretending
 Religious zealots get jealous 'cause guys want their defending
 This is the last Tribe and our ego hopes that you felt us
 And closing for our ego, we know only God can help us

Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin'
 Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
 Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
 Ego, ego trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin'
 Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
 Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Donald"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Busta Rhymes:]

Phife Dawg, what a go on with the crew?
Nuff ting, that's why me had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Them no say, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Good shit, 'cause you a mastermind that cook up
Phife Dawg, what a go on with the crew?
Nuff ting, that's why me had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Them no say, respect Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know on the one and twos
Give me that w-w-wait, damn, that's the one part I, alright, let me say
Phife Dawg, I know you on the one and twos
Give me a zooguh zooguh and do exactly what you do
Tribe Called Quest, you see them back with one another
Ayo, Busa' Bus', them don't want no problem, brotha

[Phife Dawg:]

Phife Dawg legend, you could call me Don Juice
I'm the shit right now, what, you need to see proof?
Recently on the internet they chatting
Taking polls, debating who could win in battle rapping
Let's make it happen, these cyber flows already par
No subliminals, with me you know who the fuck you are
Who wanna spar? Haha, well, here I are
Orthodox spitter or bring on the southpaw
No doubt I'mma set it, dudes best be ready
Off top on the spot, no reading from your Whackberry
Leave the iPhones home, skill sets must be shown
I'mma show you the real meaning of the danger zone, huh
I got it sewn, eh speak to all clones
Untouchable in my zone, watch it, don't leave him alone
Fuck your ass cheek flows with bars sweeter than scones
Put down microphone

[Q-Tip:]

Yes, yes, he the wrong ones to fuck with
No matter what the day
He could catch you on his plane or the one you on today
Visit niggas in their dreams
And make them scream of bloody murder
He's a Trini gladiator, ain't no need to take it further
If you wanna take it further your Huckleberry is here
Doctor of your holiday, Wyatt Earp ya like the tears
We gon' celebreate him, elevate him, papa had to levitate him

Give him his and don't debate him
Top dog is the way to rate him

[Outro:]

Don Juice, Don Juice, Don Juice
Phife Dawg what a go on with the crew?
Phife Dawg, that's why I had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Phife Dawg, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Phife Dawg, 'cause your mastermind cook up
Phife Dawg, you know they back with one another
Phife Dawg, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brother (Don Juice)
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Phife Dawg, Don Juice
Phife Dawg what a go on with the crew?
Phife Dawg, that's why I had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Phife Dawg, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Phife Dawg, 'cause your mastermind cook up
Phife Dawg, you know they back with one another
Phife Dawg, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha (Don Juice)
Phife Dawg, what a go on with the crew?
Phife Dawg, that's why I had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Phife Dawg, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Phife Dawg, 'cause your mastermind cook up
Phife Dawg, you know they back with one another
Phife Dawg, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha (Don Juice)
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Phife Dawg